**New Frontiers**

by[Rodrigo Santeria](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=170547&page=submissions)©

Connie and Susan had grown up together and been good friends throughout high school. They shared similar experiences while dating in high school but in college Connie was experienced, whereas Susan had one main guy. As contrasting as their behavior was, they agreed that boys were easily turned on. Susan told Connie that her boyfriend, Steve, would get hard if she told him she wasn't wearing panties.   
  
"It doesn't even matter if it's the truth, he just gets this huge boner. It's hysterical to see him try to hide it. Once he came to the Sorority house, and waited for me, while we were having a meeting in the living room. I whispered to him that I didn't have on any panties and then I laughed as he stuffed both hands into his pocket to try to hide it. Everyone knew . . . "  
  
Connie responded, "Oh yeah they're amazing, I went to a party with this guy and the dress I wore didn't look good with a bra, so... I swear, every minute I wasn't looking him in the eye he was trying to see down my dress. After driving back to his apartment and before we got out of the car I just asked him if he wanted to see my boobs. His mouth dropped open and I could tell he was hard, right there. I undid the back of my dress and leaned way over so he could see my nipples and patted his cock. Then I got my dress back together and got out of the car to go inside. He didn't want to go inside until his dick was normal. We waited for nearly five minutes."  
  
The two girls also agreed that the best way to dis another girl was to arouse her boyfriend. Susan stated how one of her sorority sisters had tried to pick up on Steve while wearing a bathrobe and walking through the foyer of the house.   
  
"Only a bathrobe. It wasn't tied she was just holding it in front with one hand. Then she had the nerve to go up the stairs and talk to us over the banister. Steve was standing there with this stupid look. We were looking right up the front of it. He couldn't really see anything because it's not a well lit area, but come on."  
  
"Haven't you ever done anything like that?" queried Connie. "It's a great sensation knowing how intently the guys watch and how angry the women get. I bet you and Steve did it a lot that night, too. Admit it! No? Well I think it's sexy. I'm going to the pool tomorrow, meet me there and you can tell me all about it. Now I've got to go home."   
  
The following day, they met at their parents' country club. It was late in the morning when Connie and Susan met. Not many people were around because it was still cool. As they were lying on the chaise lounges soaking up the sun, Connie casually asked Susan what she thought of the lifeguard. He was two years younger than them and they only knew him by name.   
  
Susan said, "He's pretty cute and he's tall..."   
  
Connie interrupted, "No! I know that, but do you think we ought to try to give him a hard on? I was thinking of lying on my stomach and undoing my bikini top, and you know, lift up a little. He's looking at us because we're the only ones in this area."   
  
"You're crazy, anyone could see you!" stated Susan.   
  
"Not if you look out for me," retorted Connie. "Besides, what's the big deal if some one does? It's just another boner."  
  
Connie arranged herself so her chair was lined up with the lifeguard, and lay down so he could get the best view. Susan glanced around anxiously. Connie asked Susan to undo her top and put some lotion on her back.   
  
She beamed, "It will get his attention." Susan undid the top and rubbed in the lotion. Connie stated, "This is really turning me on! Am I clear? Should I do it?"   
  
"Yeah, do it!" Susan urged.  
  
Connie reached around to grab her pool bag.   
  
"If you bend like that you'll block his view..., but he is looking more alert."   
  
Connie got out her cell phone and leaned on her elbows. As she pretended to talk she asked Susan to make sure he could see her nipples. Susan jumped in the pool and glanced at Connie. She could barely make out the top of her areola.   
  
When she returned to her chair she whispered, "Barely, but it's still the best peek he'll get all day."  
  
"Maybe not!"   
  
As she said that Connie rolled off the chaise, stood up and then bent over at the waist to get her t-shirt out of her bag. As she got out the shirt, she faced him, tried to make contact through his sunglasses and put the shirt on.   
  
"I think that will be the best view he'll get today."  
  
"Your timing is perfect, the guards are rotating positions. Oh, check this out his replacement is Michelle. She was in yearbook representing the sophomores with me," Susan giggled.  
  
The two watched as their lifeguard swung down from the guard chair. They could see how his shorts were standing out from his waist and waited to see if Michelle noticed. She was standing extremely close to their boy while he tried to act casual. To their surprise, Michelle brushed her hand over the material covering his schlong. She smiled, gave him a quick kiss, and climbed up the guard chair. The guard stole a sideways glance at Connie and Susan and then sauntered off to the first aid hut.  
  
"God this is turning me on! Did you see that? She rubbed his cock. Wasn't that great?! She didn't even care if we saw!" Connie gushed.   
  
"Connie, that wasn't much... not compared to you. That was brilliant. We could get thrown out for that stuff," worried Susan.  
  
Connie mused, "Trust me, every guy wants to see that happen every day of his life. It's their fantasy. It's why guys always try to look down women's shirts and up their skirts. It's hardwired into their system, and when they do see it they don't complain they think 'TITS'" or 'PUSSY' and it reinforces that behavior, so they keep doing it. Besides, it makes me feel incredible. Go over to the first aid hut and get him turned on. You'll thank me later. I'll look out for you."  
  
Susan hesitated for a moment. She was concerned about being caught, but she had to admit it was provocative. She liked watching Connie stand up topless and defiantly stare at the guard. There was something rebellious and vulnerable that she wanted to feel for herself. Walking over to the first aid hut, she wondered what she could do that would come close to what Connie had done.   
  
As she rounded the corner of the hut to the open door, she felt very self conscious, she had been getting turned on, and thinking about what she wanted to do, had made it obvious. Glancing down she could see her flushed skin and hardened nipples through the fabric of her bikini. She sensed her swollen pussy lips and knew she was pretty wet.   
  
He was stretched out on the cot when she entered the doorway. She could still see the outline of his semi hard cock.   
  
She tried to talk but it came out as a throaty whisper, "I bet I know what you're thinking about."  
  
He must have had his eyes shut because she was right next to him now. He sat up took off his sunglasses and gave her a crooked smile.   
  
"Oh yeah?? What do you think it was?" he queried.  
  
"Topless chics," smiled Susan playfully.  
  
"...And then some," he responded quickly then rushed, "What are you doing here? Did Michelle see you come in? What's the deal with Connie?"  
  
In a more confident manner, "What do you mean ... and then some?"  
  
"Well figure it out, pretend you're a guy and these girls start flashing their tits. I've got a good imagination," he countered.  
  
"Wait a minute, I didn't flash you!" she challenged.   
  
"No... You just sat there, but I have a good imagination," he demurred.  
  
"Oh, I see where you're going. Me and Connie undressed and touching you, or was it each other?" she asked tentatively.  
  
He grinned, "That's a thought."  
  
"You like that? Two women you know exposing themselves to you and touching each other? So, were we kissing or caressing or was it more involved? Were we topless or totally naked?"   
  
Susan was on a roll. She could feel herself become more comfortable as she went on. "Did I make her cum while you watched? Did you fuck us? Did you like my shaved pussy or her nicely trimmed one?"  
  
She could see the head of his cock stretching the fabric tight. It also gave her a clear view of his balls through the leg of his shorts. She ran her finger nails along his inner thigh and up to the edge of his shorts as she talked. She slid two inside his suit and grazed the area between his balls and his leg.   
  
"Can we get this out?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah! But this is weird... Umm, Michelle and I are together," he answered, as if he were asking a question.  
  
"Do you think Michelle would have a problem with me looking at your hard cock? She wouldn't mind if I touched it, would she?"   
  
Susan cradled his balls in the palm of her hand. "What about if I kiss it? Can I kiss your cock?"   
  
She wrestled with his cock and pulled it out the leg of his shorts. He moved so one foot was on the floor and the other was on the cot with his dick pointing straight up.   
  
"I really doubt if she would mind if I let you cum on my face or in my mouth. Maybe in my mouth would be better so she wouldn't know. Will you cum in my mouth? Can I suck on your hard cock and jack you into my mouth?"   
  
She had pulled the leg of his shorts so now she could see his balls hanging down and his cock pointing up. "Look at this, what type of fluid is this?" she asked as she rubbed the pre-cum around his dickhead. "This must be an appetizer."   
  
She rubbed some pre-cum on his lips and asked, "Can I taste some, too?" Startled, his eyes opened wide and he licked his lips despite himself.   
  
"If I can lean out that window and talk to Connie, I'll let you pull my bikini bottoms off and..."  
  
He looked at Susan in disbelief. She smiled shyly and started tracing the edge of her bikini bottoms with her fingertips. Over the hips, slowing as they reached the tender skin next to her box. On the side opposite of the lifeguard she pulled the fabric away from the skin. He couldn't see, but wanted to.   
  
"That way, I could talk with Connie and tell you when Michelle is coming over here."   
  
He was paralyzed as he watched the fingers move under the fabric of the bikini. Susan had intended to pull it to the side and let it snap back, but now it seemed natural and she gently separated her lips and started making little circles around her clit. She remembered that she wanted him turned on, and reluctantly stopped and let the bikini snap back into place.   
  
She smiled at him and said, "That felt so good. Don't you want to cum?"   
  
He nodded still transfixed. Her fingers were slick and shiny. She asked him if he wanted to cum again.   
  
He nodded. "I want to see you cum, too. If you jack off for me, I'll let you watch as I finger my pussy."   
  
The guard grabbed his cock and then asked her if he could lie down on the cot. Susan moved off and stood next to him. She watched as he adjusted his cock, pulled down his shorts and lay down on the cot. His hand expertly stroked his rigid dick. She moved closer and pulled the bikini bottoms to the side with her left hand. The middle finger of her right hand started low between her wet lips and spread herself apart as her finger traced up to her clit. She watched as white cum squirted over his chest. He milked the final globs out of his dick head and they fell pearly white against his tan stomach. She wanted to rub it into his skin and coax his cock back with her soft wet mouth, but she heard Connie talking with Michelle.   
  
Susan pressed her finger against her clit one more time, she knew it would only take a minute to finish, but she didn't like the idea of an angry girlfriend watching as she got herself off. Finally, she let her bikini go back in place. She leaned over and scooped up a drop of his cum with the fingertips on her right hand. She licked their cum off her index finger and smeared his lips with the rest.   
  
"How do we taste?" she asked as she stepped around Michelle and another female lifeguard while leaving the hut. Connie, take a peek at our boy and then, lets get out of here."  
  
"Why, what happened in there? Listen to those girls! What did you do to him?" Connie asked.  
  
"I'll tell you about it in the car, but you may want to look now because it's obvious that I turned him on," Susan said while walking away.  
  
Connie glanced in and saw the guard's back while Michelle and her friend laughed and pointed. Not seeing anything amazing, Connie caught up with Susan at the car.   
  
"What was I supposed to see?"  
  
Susan commanded, "Open the door for me and I'll tell you in the car." Connie climbed in the driver's seat and leaned over to let Susan in the car. "You didn't see anything?" Connie shook her head, "Nothing?"  
  
"No! Come on?" Connie stated impatiently.  
  
"Check this out. He was jacking himself on the cot. When I walked out he had cum all over his front with his shorts around his knees. Have you ever seen a guy jack himself? And you should have seen how white his cum looked compared to his skin. You were right I feel incredible!" Susan gushed.  
  
"You're kidding. Did you touch him?" Connie asked in disbelief.  
  
Susan began, "Yeah, I got him started. I wanted to suck him back to hard, but I heard you talking with Michelle. God! I'm still turned on. I'm going to need to change out of this suit. Can I change as we drive it might be a little embarrassing to walk into the house looking like this?"  
  
Connie looked, "Oh, no one will notice."  
  
"Really, I don't want to be walking around in wet bikini bottoms," Susan explained as she slipped off the bottoms and grabbed her bag from the floor. "Where are my clothes?"  
  
"I don't know," Connie acknowledged in an amused tone, "You got the stuff, not me."  
  
"Damnit! It's with your stuff and that's in the back seat!!" Susan shouted then more plaintively, "Can you get it?"  
  
Reaching back with her right hand Connie groped for her bag. "Susan it's too far on your side you'll have to get it."   
  
Connie started to watch the road again when she saw Susan's naked ass in her rearview mirror. Susan had turned around, with half of her body in the back seat and the other half in front, her knees shoulder width apart.   
  
"Just stay like that and we'll pull up next to someone."   
  
Susan whirled around with her stuff and smiled, "Sorry, I'm just feeling like I can show off."  
  
Connie asked, "Did you shave yourself?"  
  
"Well I'm not really hairy and it turns Steve on," Susan giggled.   
  
Connie asked again, "Does it turn you on?"  
  
"The first time it did, the next ten times it didn't. I had it waxed. It looks better and it's smooth nearly all of the time," Susan stated, factually, as she inadvertently ran her fingertips over her mons.   
  
Connie was having a hard time concentrating. All she could think of was Susan leaning over the back seat, on her knees, legs spread, smooth skin, and a contrasting tan line. Susan had great skin, long muscular legs and Connie had the desire to touch her.   
  
She wondered, "Does waxing make you much smoother?"  
  
"I think it does," Susan proffered, "Don't you think it looks smoother?"  
  
Connie glanced down at Susan's lap. She still, hadn't put on her shorts. Instinctively she reached over to feel her friend's smooth skin.  
  
"Connie," Susan paused, "I'm still turned on. That feels gooood." Her eyes shut.  
  
Connie looked at her hand in Susan's lap. Her finger slowly crept over her pubic mound to Susan's sensitive clit. She rubbed the knot with her fingertips. Susan spread her legs more and rolled her pelvis up to add pressure to her clit. Connie wanted to cum. She wanted Susan to touch her the same way.   
  
"Take off your top."   
  
Susan didn't respond. She was now rocking her pelvis up and down against Connie's hand.   
  
Susan pleaded, "I think you're going to make me cum Connie."  
  
Connie could feel Susan's lips getting thicker and wetter, she felt Susan's hands pressing on top of hers. It was all she could do to watch the road and steal glances at Susan rocking with an orgasm in the seat beside her.   
  
"How do you feel now?"  
  
"Uh... I was really close," Susan said distantly, "God I'm so close. I want that lifeguard. Connie I hope you're not freaked out, your hand was a little too much."  
  
"No! I'm... well yeah a little but, I've never done that before. You really have me turned on too. Look at my hand and the car seat. Do you always get that wet? Connie thought about licking her fingertips to see what type of reaction Susan would have.  
  
"It's kind of embarrassing. Steve calls me juicy Suzy," Susan replied while sliding on her shorts as they pulled into her driveway. "Are we going out tonight?"  
  
"Sure, I don't have anything better to do," joked Connie, letting the moment pass, "What do you want to do?"  
  
"I've got something in mind, but right now I need to take mom and dad to the airport. Mom keeps saying she needs to visit Gram and Gramps before they die. Parents say the cutest things. I'll call you in a couple of hours and we can plan on something."   
  
Susan hopped out of the car slammed the door and leaned back in the window. "We're going to have a blast."  
  
Connie sat in the car watching Susan go in the house. She felt tight in the chest and her breathing was shallow. She shut her eyes and saw her fingers sliding over Susan's spread pussy. She opened her eyes and backed out of the driveway. On the way to her house she would rub the fabric over her pussy and bring herself close to an orgasm and stop. She was looking forward to going home where she could finish the job and then nap or take a bath until Susan called.   
  
When she got home, her family was having guests from church and since her room was off the kitchen and it was the most accessible bathroom, she remained frustrated. After using her parents shower, she spent the next three hours listening to her parents' friends tell her how wonderful they had heard she was doing in school. Then of course she had the benefit of listening to the stories about their children and when they were in school. At 8:15pm Susan called.   
  
"Hey! What are you doing?"  
  
Connie begged, "I'm being bored to death. Help."  
  
"Sorry. Here's the deal. I want you to get that loose pleated plaid mini skirt, your black knit top, the tight one, your black pumps, and some of those thigh high sheer black stockings and get over here," Susan said earnestly.  
  
"Susan... I think that's exactly how Mom and Dad want me to dress when they're entertaining their friends from church. Oh! Good idea! I'll tell you what, why don't you come over here and we'll look like sluts for these nice church going folks...," Connie said as sardonically as possible.  
  
"Hey! No sarcasm. You'll scar me deep down inside. Why don't you use that gray pulpy thing in your head and do what you need to, but get over here!" Susan countered.  
  
Thirty minutes later Connie was ringing the doorbell at Susan's house.   
  
Susan answered the door wearing a white cropped top and a pink spandex skirt. "What do you think, would they like me at church? Aside from my jewelry and shoes, I'm only going to wear this. My brother always kids about wanting to date chics with "easy access." I don't think it will get much easier than this? Unless, I'm naked."  
  
Connie walked in and inhaled Susan's perfume, she asked, "No bra?"  
  
Susan replied by lifting the front of her shirt.  
  
"Panties?" Connie looked with an arched eyebrow.  
  
"Watch this! I've been practicing in front of the mirror."   
  
Susan sat down on the edge of a bench in the hallway, crossed her legs and then recrossed them, with enough time for Connie to see her naked pussy. "Call me Sharon, Sharon Stone. Come on let's get you ready."   
  
She dragged Connie through the hallway to her room. "Put your stuff on Connie. Hurry up."  
  
Susan sat down on the bed and studied Connie as she undressed. Connie faced her and pulled her t-shirt off and then slid her jeans off. Standing in front of Susan in her panties and bra she asked, "Can you help me with this?"  
  
"No! Pretend like I'm Mr. Lifeguard and you're undressing for me. Keep me interested. He said he had envisioned us getting naked with him," Susan leered.

Connie reached up and removed her bra. She locked her eyes onto Susan's and delicately touched her body.  
  
"I want to see it," Susan said breathlessly.  
  
Connie responded by stepping forward so there were only inches between them. She slowly pulled the fabric away exposing her pubic hair and her snatch. While holding the material to the side she slid her middle finger through her wetness.   
  
"Susan, do you want to see me cum?"  
  
Susan nodded and added, but not here. "I want both of us to cum in a public place. Lie down on the bed and I'll take off your panties."   
  
Connie knelt down on the floor with her head and arms on the bed. Susan stepped behind her and took ahold of her panties. Slowly, she inched them down to her knees. Connie felt Susan's hand stroking the back of her thighs. She adjusted herself so that Susan could slide her panties the rest of the way off. Kneeling with her knees about shoulder width apart, she hoped Susan would forget her plans and touch her now.   
  
Susan ran a hot finger between her buns brushing her puckered sphincter and continuing on to her open pussy. After teasing her for awhile she told Connie to lie on her back on the bed and she would put on the hose for her. Connie rolled over and lifted a leg. Susan slid the open end of the stocking over her toes, calf, and then finally her thigh. Susan's touch was like fire. Her hands continued to travel down to Connie's pussy. She pushed her legs wider and lowered her head between Connie's legs. Connie closed her eyes. She felt Susan slip her fingers inside, Susan's hair falling on her thighs and stomach, and her hot mouth as it sucked the bud of her clit.   
  
Susan looked up and smiled. "I like the way you taste. Let's hurry so we can cum sooner."   
  
Connie felt dizzy. She wanted Susan to undress and explore her body, but Susan already had plans and Connie could tell she was possessed. Connie started rubbing her pussy as she watched Susan.  
  
"No! Not yet. I want you to do that in a public place. Get dressed we'll take dad's Xk8 top down of course.   
  
Eventually, Susan nagged Connie into getting dressed. Susan raced down the hall towards the garage.  
  
"Just carry your shoes you can put them on in the car," she called back.  
  
Once out of the driveway, Susan turned to Connie, "O.K. we're in public you can do anything you want now."   
  
Connie felt self-conscious. It was a real role reversal for her to be the follower. They pulled up to a stop sign and Susan put the parking brake on. No one else was at the intersection and she arched her back and caught the waist of her skirt with her thumbs and slid it down over her feet. She grinned at Connie, released the brake and popped the car into gear. About a mile later they pulled up even with some guys in a pick up at a stoplight.   
  
Susan hissed, "Connie take off your skirt. Let 'em see."   
  
As the light turned green she honked and revved the engine smiling innocently at the boys. She hit the gas and raced down the road.   
  
A couple of minutes later, they were in the parking lot of a local mall. Not many people were around but it was busy. Susan waited for a moment and then scooped up her skirt and opened the car door. The cool air felt good and she put her hand in between her legs feeling herself before she jumped into her skirt.   
  
"Some boys are going to be very lucky tonight."  
  
Connie watched with rapt attention. She opened the door and stepped out of the car. She hadn't taken off her skirt; she had only bunched it up around her waist. She was still feeling dizzy as Susan came up behind her and ran her hands under her skirt. She found Connie's wet box and started a gentle massage and kissed Connie's ear. Connie turned and pressed her body against Susan's. They kissed and ran their hands over each other's bodies. Susan stepped back and suggested they go in to the mall. There were only thirty minutes left before the mall would close.  
  
Upon entering, they walked into a bookstore, which was fairly empty. Susan went into the back and sat down in an aisle. She pulled the front of her skirt up and looked down at her engorged sex.   
  
Connie came back and said, "Do you want to document this?"  
  
"What do you mean?" Susan asked.  
  
"I brought my camera and I think the cashier might be able to help us out if we ask nicely," Connie whispered, "Actually, I already asked and he said he would. See that guy by the magazine rack? I told the cashier he's your boyfriend and we wanted to surprise him. I asked him to take a picture of us when we give him a sign."  
  
A mischievous smile crept across Susan's face. She leaned toward Connie and stated, "You're the Devil. You're making me bad."   
  
They approached the boy, Connie nodded to the cashier, and Susan pulled up the front of her skirt. Connie pulled her top down, heard the camera click, and felt the air as the magazine dropped to the floor. They turned quickly, grabbed the camera and headed down the mall.  
  
They went up a level and ducked into a leather/furrier boutique. It was a posh business for affluent clientele. As they entered, Connie saw a pair of high-heeled thigh high black leather boots. The clerk hadn't seen them come in and was busy locking up the store. Connie asked him if they had a pair in a size seven. He was startled and apologized for not seeing them and retreated to the back room to find her boots.   
  
"I think we intimidate him," Connie claimed.  
  
Susan looked thoughtful for a moment, "Yeah he's intimidated. Let's make this interesting for him. Let's try on some other clothes along with those boots... and I've got an idea. I'd like to tell him that you're my slave, and you'll do anything I tell you to, but when I tell you to you will act reluctant and shy."   
  
Connie had to think about this. She was normally the leader and she wanted the role. Thoughtfully, Connie countered, "I like your idea, but I want to be your master."  
  
"O.K. but surprise me," Susan suggested.  
  
The clerk came back in the showroom with the boots in a box. He asked Connie if she wanted him to help put them on. "No thanks, they're not for me. They're for my friend Susan. You do wear a size seven?" Susan nodded.   
  
She would also like to try on some long leather gloves that match the boots, and can she try on this fur?  
  
The clerk ushered them toward the back of the showroom and got the key to retrieve the coat. When he returned Connie took the items from him and stated to Susan, "These will look great together but you have to do something about what you're wearing now."   
  
They headed off to the dressing room. It was no larger than a small closet with a door that was about a foot off the ground and came up to about six feet. Susan went in and shut the door. Connie reminded her to do something with what she was wearing, and then folded the coat and the gloves over the top. She called the clerk over and apologized about keeping him late. She saw Susan's top being pulled off over the top of the door and dropped to the floor. She watched as Susan slid her skirt down onto the floor and stepped out. She knew Susan was completely naked and the thought made her squirm.   
  
Connie walked around a coat rack placing it between herself and the clerk with an angle that would allow her to see when Susan walked out. She took a leather jacket off the rack and inhaled deeply. Susan now must have put on the gloves and was pulling the coat inside. Connie slipped into the jacket and impulsively undid the button at the back of the skirt. She fumbled with the zipper and then let the loose material fall to the floor.   
  
She glanced at the clerk. He was watching the dressing room door intently and hadn't noticed anything. Susan came out of the room, her coat was fully buttoned but Connie could easily see her breast because the low cut in front. She headed toward Connie, but was ordered to see how she liked it and wander in the mall for a while. The clerk had also seen Susan's breast and was trying to catch up to get a better view. Connie slid off her jacket and pulled off her top as Susan and the clerk entered the mall. She could feel herself quiver with excitement as she put on the leather jacket again. As she bravely walked toward the mall entrance, she asked Susan if she was hot.   
  
"Would you like to unbutton the coat?"  
  
Susan had stepped out where she could see all of the way up one wing and down the other. She stopped and turned around to face the clerk. She answered in trembling voice, "Not here Connie."   
  
Susan stood with her face turned down. Her voice was trembling. Although excited the tremor could easily be interpreted as fear. As Susan answered she caught a glimpse of Connie walking towards another clothing rack. Her jacket was open and one hand was probing her pussy. She knew Connie didn't want the clerk to see her yet and she acted the ashamed girl perfectly. She was so focused, tears actually started coming out of her eyes.   
  
Susan heard Connie say, "You must be hot, and I'm hot just standing here. Undo your coat."   
  
Susan started with the bottom button and slowly worked her way up without actually giving the clerk any more to see. Unbeknownst to the clerk, Connie was now seated on the chairs in plain view of anyone who would have looked her way. She had one leg over the armrest with both hands working on her spread pussy. She was reaching around from behind with one hand inserting two fingers while the other hand played with her clit. Susan had never seen such a display before and she wished she was Connie.   
  
Connie gushed, "Take it off, I want to see you."   
  
Susan reached up to her shoulders and let the coat drop to the floor. The clerk was frozen. He was staring at a woman wearing only boots and gloves standing in the middle of the mall. He glanced around to see if anyone else was viewing this incredible sight.  
  
Susan took long steps as she approached Connie. She could feel her juice sliding on her swollen lips. This is what she had been waiting for all day. Connie had closed her eyes and was beginning to cum. Susan knelt in front of Connie and pushed the heel of her hand up against Connie's open slit moving Connie's fingers away from her clit.   
  
She looked at Connie's eyes as the pressure of her hand passed over her clit and asked, "I'm going to eat your pussy?"   
  
"Yesss, Susan you are. Eat my pussy. Taste me. Put your fingers inside me. I've wanted this all day since I touched you in the car."   
  
Susan's fingers found the slippery hole and she sank in three. Her pinky was rubbing Connie's other hole and she withdrew for a moment covered it with Connie's cum and slid all of her fingers into her. Susan's dainty little pinky was tantalizing Connie's ass. She leaned forward and sucked hard on Connie's clit. Her mind was racing. I'm eating my best friend's pussy and I'm more turned on than I've ever been. Connie came on Susan's face.   
  
"I feel unbelievable. I'm going to make you cum," Connie stated as she jumped up and grabbed the fur coat from the clerk. I want you to fuck her while I suck on her clit."   
  
Susan smiled as he undid his pants. Connie spread the coat on the floor and lay on her back. "Straddle my face I want to taste you."   
  
Susan did as she was told and felt Connie's warm tongue spread her lips from her clit to her butt hole. Susan lay down so her head was above her friend's ripe bud. The clerk was kneeling behind Susan and Connie told him she would guide him in. As he hunched over Susan's body Connie rubbed his purple head in Susan's wet slit.   
  
"Put it in me, Connie. I just want to be fucked, good," urged Susan. Connie was licking his shaft and Susan's box as he pounded into an orgasm.   
  
"Dammit, I'm not ready yet! You son of a bitch!" moaned Susan.   
  
He pulled out with a pop and watched the two attend their carnal needs.  
  
"Hey! I'll fuck you," a voice croaked, "You said I was your boyfriend."  
  
"I didn't, she did but it's what I need," Susan surmised.   
  
He got in place and started sliding his cock against her quim. "You are so wet." he said as he slid into her as deep as he could. When he started for the second stroke, Connie aimed it at Susan's sphincter.   
  
"Uh-my-ass. Ohhhh this is how I wanted to feel," Susan whispered. "Let's change positions. You're going too fast. Sit in the chair, no sit on that display stand."   
  
He pulled out what he had sunk into her, stood up, and leaned against a display pedestal. He begged, "Come on baby bring that sweet ass over here."   
  
Susan stood up and looked at herself in the full-length mirror. She was sweating and open. The boots and the gloves accentuated her breasts and smooth mound. Connie seemed to be asleep on the fur. Susan backed up against the first cock to penetrate her ass.   
  
He explained, "I'm going to put it in your pussy to get it wet again."   
  
Connie rolled over onto all fours and said, "Let me help."   
  
She knelt down in front of Susan and guided it into her swollen pussy. Licking Susan's clit she smiled up at her and said, "You're bad! Look at yourself in the mirror. You've got a guy you've never met fucking you, your best friend naked on her knees eating your pussy and you want more."   
  
"Connie, it turns me on when you talk dirty like that," then more urgently to no one in particular, "Put that cock in my ass!"   
  
"I'm going to have our friend take pictures of you getting yourself fucked by us," Connie stated and then more thoughtfully, "You know what you would really like Susan?" Susan grunted in response adjusting the new sensation filling her ass.  
  
"Look at yourself in that mirror," demanded Connie, "You're depraved. You slut."   
  
Breathlessly Susan answered, "Connie... you're a slut too."  
  
"I want to see both of these guys fuck you!" Connie declared absently stroking her pussy.   
  
The clerk stepped forward he wanted to fuck her again. Connie stopped him. "Fuck me! I'll cum in a minute and then you can fuck her."   
  
Connie bent over facing Susan and helped the clerk enter her. She pressed her body up against Susan's and reached around to feel the cock pushing deeper into Susan's ass. She came again and had the clerk pull out.   
  
Connie had Susan lean back so the clerk could get the best access. She guided his cockhead over her clit several times and then lowered it to go into her ripe pussy. Susan gasped and he slid all of the way in. She started to cum. It had been building since that afternoon and she had allowed herself to get close and stop, but now she was going to cum and cum hard. Connie came up beside her and ran her hands over Susan's breasts. Then slid them between the three people so she could feel the two wet rigid cocks pumping in and out of her friend.   
  
"Susan, I can feel their cocks as they fill you up. Two cocks inside of you."   
  
Susan closed her eyes and felt the three bodies pressing against hers. As Connie spoke it was amplifying each little movement of the two cocks. Pleasure, it was almost an itch starting at the tips of her fingers and toes and spreading throughout her whole body with the center being driven by these two stranger's cocks pumping in unison.   
  
"You don't know either one of these guys. Strange cocks spreading you apart like they own you, and you don't know them. You best friend sucked on your pussy and put a cock in your ass. I ate you out and want to do it again. But here's the best part. You're being fucked by two total strangers and your girlfriend in a public place. Look at us in the mirror we're all fucking you and it feels so good."   
  
Connie's words tripped the orgasm. Susan felt like she had fallen through the floor. No ground, nothing solid. She heard the stranger behind her grunt and thrust hard, she watched his face in the mirror. It was all in slow motion. The clerk pulled out and cum shot out of his dick onto her breasts and stomach. The smell was suddenly overwhelming. Sex. It begged for sleep. Connie licked the cum off of Susan's body and nuzzled her snatch.   
  
Standing, Connie kissed Susan's open mouth and the sex smell became taste. Warm inviting sleep. She felt the stranger behind her pull his cock out of her. Release. She felt drunk. She didn't know if she could stand. The clerk was sitting Indian style on the fur. She wondered how much it cost. She looked at the mirror. She thought she looked like athletes at the end of a marathon.  
  
Connie was getting her stuff together and the guys were just staring. Their dicks hanging like old helium balloons that have leaked out nearly all of the gas. Connie was now telling them to help her get Susan out to the car. She had put on her skirt, but was still wearing the jacket. The clerk said to bring the car around to the back exit and Connie left for it.  
  
The strangers didn't have anything to say. What could they say? Susan collapsed in a chair and looked at her nakedness in the mirror. She could feel the soreness coming on. She thought about how later that week maybe tomorrow she would come back by here during the day. I was fucked by two strangers and my best girlfriend. She grinned a tired grin at herself and barely noticed as the guys picked her up and carried her out to the car. Aren't you going to dress me, take the boots? I guess not. She slept in the car on the ride back. Nothing on except her boots and gloves. They stumbled up the stairs to Susan's bedroom and crashed for the night. The smell of sex gently guiding them to rest.